Vol. I. No. 36

# The momfield Record

### Local Newspaper.

Independent, Non Partisan, Incorruptible.

LOCAL AFFAIRS. GENERAL NEWS,

"The Record"

is the ONLY Weekly Newspaper Published and Printed in Bloomfield, and is unquestionably THE Paper of THE PEOPLE.

### Legitimate Advertisements

inserted on reasonable terms. Advertisers who avail themselves of its columns will find it a first-class me dium, circulating as it does in the best families of Bloomfield, Montclair, and vicinity.

"THE RECORD"



Newest and Latest Styles of Type.

MATERIAL AND PRESSES.

We are prepared to do Promptly and in the Neatest Manner ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, Such as BUSINESS CARDS.

PROGRAMMES. HAND BILLS.

Patronize the Home Office.

## NEW YORK MIDLAND RAILWAY.

Fall & Winter Arrangement, Taking Effect Sep. 17, 1873. MONTCLAIR DIVISION.

Leave Pompton 6 41, A. M. Arrive Montclair 7 34 Bloomfield 7 40; Newark 7 47; New York 8 25. Leave Pompton 7 57 A. M., oh arrival of train from Ringwood. Arrive at Watchung 8 37; Montclair 8 41 Bloomfield 8 46; Newark 8 54; New York 9 30. Leave Montclair 7 34, A. M.; Bloomfield 7 40; Newark 7 47; New York 8 25. Leave Montclair 9 46/A. M.; Newark 9 56; New York Leave Pompton Jun. 1 50, P. M. : Mountain View 2 11 Little Palls 2 22; Montclair 2 45; Bloomfield 3 52; New Leave Montclair 4 49 P. M.; arrive Bloomfield 4 56

Newark 5 04; New York 5 50. GOING WEST. Leave New York 7 50 A. M.; arrive at Arlington 8 28 Newark 8 35; Bloomfield 8 46; Montclair 8 55 and Leave New York at 12 M; Newark 12 43; Bloomfield Leave New York 4 00 P. M., arriving at Newark 4 39; Bloomfield 4 46; Montclair 4 50; connecting with Ulster County Express for Newfoundland, Middletown, and intermediate stations arriving at Franklin 6 23; Deckertown 6 39; Unionville 6 58; Middletown 7 28; Ellen-

Leave New York 4 40 P. M.; Jersey City 4 50; Arlington 5 15; Newark 5 22 Bloomfield 5 30; Montclair 5 36 Little Falls 6 00 ; Pompton Plains 6 22 ; Pompton 6 29 ; Leave New York 5 40 P. M.; Arlington 6 19; Newark Leave New York 6 30 P. M.; Newark 7 17; Bloomfield AMES BERRY, 7 24; Montelair 7 31; Watching 7 32. Additional trains leave Mountain View for Pompton and Ringwood at 8 15 A. M. and 3 25 P. M., arriving at Ringwood at 9 50 A. M. and 4 56 P. M., and Monks at Passenger Depots in New York foot of Cortlandt and Desbrosses Streets and Jersey City.

General Freight, Ticket, and Commutation Offices 111 Liberty St. New York Freight received at Pier 23, N. R., and 16 Exchange Place, Jersey City. C. W. DOUGLASS. Gen'l Supt., N. York. General Ticket Agent, 111 Liberty St. New York.

### DEL., LACK. & WESTERN RAILROAD

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### N. B. & M. H. C. R. R.

BLOOMFIELD TIME TABLE, FEB. 1, 1873. LEAVE BLOOMFIELD, Belleville Avenue, every half hour from 6 30 A. M. to 9 P. M., and at 10 and 11 P. M. The last car from Depot at Mt. Prospect Ave. to LEAVE NEWARK, BROAD AND MARKET STS, every half hourr from 7 54 A. M to 6 54 P. M., and at 7 54, 8 54 and

BLOOMFIELD POST OFFICE. Office open from 6 1.2 o'clclock A.M. to 9 P.M.

closeand arrive as follows : -TIME OF CLOSING. 7 A. M., and 3 P. M. 8.45 A. M., and 5.45 P. M. The mails connect at Newark with the Philadelphia, Baltimore. Washington, and through Southern, both Foreign mails close at 3 P. M. on the day previous to the sailing of steamer. Stamped envelopes and news-wrappers are sold to the public. Houses and Lots for Sale and Houses to Let.

Professional and Business Cards. DR. C. S. STOCKTON.

DENTIST. No 15 Cedar street. Newsrk, N. J

B. PITT, M. D. HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN. Residence on Broad Street three doors above Presby-

Office hours 7 to 9 A. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

F. E. BAILEY, M. D., RESIDENCE : C. W. JOHNSON'S. FRANKLIN St.

Office Hours: 7 to 9 A. M. and 6 to 8 P. M.

TAMES HUGHES.

SURVEYOR: OFFICE, MASONIC HALL, RAILROAD AVENUE,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J

THOMAS TAYLOR, COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS.

TOSEPH K. OAKES, SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER. COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

D HURLBURT, CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

SHOP ON ARTISAN STREET, BLOOMFIELD, N. Opposite the Railroad Depot STAIR BUILDING, Pattern Making, etc. Jobbing of all night; when I heard a call for the perlice, I kinds Neatly Done and Promptly Attended to.

DURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES

TO BE HAD AT Open on Sundays, 9 to 10 A. M., 12 to 1, and 5 to 6 P. M

TOSEPH H. EVELAND,

PRACTICAL PAINTER,

GRAINING, GILDING, &c., &c. All orders promptly executed.

Thirty years a practical Watch and Clock Maker, executes Repairs of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Articles with neatness and dispatch.

CAMUEL CARL, MERCHANT TAILOR,

Keeps, constantly on hand CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS. BROAD STREET,

Furniture and Pianos MOVED WITH CARE. Also General TRUCKING and other TEAM WORK. ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

MYRTLE STREET,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J. Near Watsessing Depot. JOHN JEGER. MERCHANT TAILOR, RAILBOAD AVENUE. Jan. 28-1y

SMITH E. PERRY REAL ESTATE AGENT AND AUCTIONEER, BROAD STREET, ABOVE BENSON,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER. All kinds of jobbing promptly attended to.

BROWER, REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENCY. BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

## Miscellany.

The golden sunset gleams athwart the corn, The crimson blush of eve is in the West ; The resper homeward whistles from his toil,

And on the earth is stamped the seal of rest.

Low bends the bearded barley in the breeze, White with the kisses of the harvest queen ; The cats quake tremulous, and on the sea The still, pure Autumn sky reflects its sheen

The yellow plums hang mellow on the tree, The tempting damsons gleam amid the leaves, The rose-tinged peach clings nestling to the wall, The jocund gleaners roam amid the sheaves. Spirit of Harvest! wake our grateful hearts, To raise glad anthems to His earnest praise, Resper of all-Him who alone can give

### WIT AND WISDOM.

Sweet hopeful seed-time, golden harvest days!

A hint to talkers at table-save your breath to blow your soup.

The man who tried to light his pipe with a billiard match said he did it out of cue-

An old cynic says: "With some women, ed him into the fire-lit parlor. going to church is little better than looking into a bonnet shop.

Once when a very pretty girl said to Leigh Hunt, "I am very sad, you see," he replied, sect; you are very fair, I see."

judge of a prisoner the other day. "And sure, now," said Pat, "what are you put there for but to find that out?"

An Irishman, seeing a vessel very heavily laden, and scarcely above water's edge, exclaimed, "Upon my sowl, if the river was but a little higher, the ship would go to the

from in Indiana. He subsists by driving spikes in the timbers of a bridge and collecting the wisps of hav that are caught by them from passing loads.

made a bolt for the front door.' A wife wanted her husband to sympathize learn that one woman is just as good as an- the curtain and came back to the fireside. other, if not better." & And I," retorted

passenger, who appeared to sleep profoundv. Soon the lady commenced to call her young husband all the endearing names ler, roused up, begged the lady to call her Good-bye." partner a "Noah's Ark" at once, and allow

nim to sleep quietly.

The following came inscribed on a postal card, and the card carefully inclosed in an envelope was received by the Danbury News. It is from Muir, Mich., and is undoubtenly from a man that means business: Mr. Danberry News i send you fifty (50) as you can for the money a feller here says it is funny and i like tun i will write some funny pieces for your paper if you will pay me for i can write some pealers if you will pay me for writing them i will some."

A farmer and his wife called at a Detroit photograph gallery last week to order some photographs of the latter, and while the operator was getting ready the husband gave the wife a little advice as to how she must | won't return after the holidays then?" act: "Fasten your mind on something," he said, "or else you will laugh and spile the job. Think about early days-how your father got in gaol, and your mother was an old scolder, and what you'd have been if I hadn't pitied you! Jest fasten your mind on to that !" She didn't have any pho- him tographs taken.

What kind of bread do star actors live ship and I think I shall take orders." BLOOMFIELD, N J. upon? Their great roles. What do vagrants "Poor fellow!" like? Common loaf. What do country editors live upon? Puffs. What do commercial travellers live upon? Stirabout. What do | As a fellow of my college, I shall get a livdo gamblers live upon? Stakes. What is the most satisfactory meal for any contractor? Indian; isn't it? What sustains the Georgians? Crackers. What kind of drink do children like? Tease. What kind do artillerists like? Shells. What kind do sextons like? Bier. What kind do milkmen like? Water. What kind do docters like? Old ail. What kind do cotton-planters like? Gin.

Above the Moon. One calm night, the darkness of which was lighted by the moon, the immates of a quiet farm-house in Ayrshire were startled wer. "I won't have you for a pupil." BLOOMFIELD, N. J. by piteous cries from a little stream running past the foot of the brae on which the low voice. homestead stood. Out ran the gudewife in haste, thinking that the voice was not unfamiliar; and, when she got to the burn, there she saw her ain gudeman, who had had just a little too much of John Barleycorn, on all fours in a foot of water in which the moon was brightly reflected. "Gude- Will you have a cup of tea? I will call but she went on-"I don't care for yousake, John, ye gouk, what are ye doing auntie down to propitiate the proprieties." you know I don't. I wish you would go there, standing like an auld idiot in that manner?" "Oh woman, Jenny, is that you? to be treated politely by you, Mildred." I'm glad to see ye, for I hae gotten aboon "I am not going to treat you politely," Mildred. Of course I know you can't care the moon, and has been in this awful pre- she said, as she came back to the rug, laugh- for me as I do for you, but I am sure I can dicament for twa hours, houding on like ing-"don't be frightened." She stood make you happy." grim death for fear I should fa' and be kill- opposite, still laughing, her beautiful face ed beyond a recognition. I ken it's a' richt dimpling and sparkling. noo, when ye're here, sae we'll just baith "Mildred," said Mr. Briton, "I will answer him. gang doon thegether." Jenny lost no time speak." in getting John out, and over a tumbler of "No, you won't. Go with Fred Harold toddy he vowed that nothing should ever on to the Continent for twelve months, and make him soar so high again, even on mar- I will stay here, trying to make my pupils ket nights.

### [From the London Family Herald.] BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

CHAPTER I.

The clock over the parlor mantel-shelf struck six sharp and clear. The fire blazed up with a cheerful glow on brightly tinted carpet and curtains, on old-fashioned handsome furniture, on the little tea table, laid for one, with a big bowl of flowers in the middle-rare welicate blossoms most of them-and, pushed into a corner, a shabby little bunch of monthly roses. A pretty. ed about and needlework. A piano stood open opposite the window, with a canterbury overflowing with music by the side. A tiny black dog, all ears and hair, lay on the rug, and over all the firelight flashed that covered Mildred's face. warmly.

time, though; would you like to wait, sir ?" I am tired.' asked the servant.

"Yes, I am leaving Waltham. Thank you," Briton answered, as the woman show-

She bustled away to get candles. visitor, hardly answering Rollo's joyous greeting, leaned against the chimney-piece, "Oh, no, you belong to the other Jewish pushing back his thick brown hair with one hand. The fire blazed and crackled, shin-"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked a ing over the straight, dark figure, the grave, manly face, the steadfast eyes. "Tick, tick, tick," went the clock, steadily, slowly, like the pulse of fate. The candles were brought and put on the table, one

each side of the big round bowl of flowers. "Chime, chime," rang the quarter from the church tower across the road. Mr. The sharpest man, lately has been heard Briton started and went to the window, pushing back the thick crimson curtains. Very still and quiet was it out of doors. The rowans over the garden gate hardly moved "What's your business?' asked a judge one graceful branch in the night air. The of a prisoner at the bar. "Well, I s'pose old church opposite, with its graveyard you might call me a locksmith." "When round it, rose gray and beautiful in the did you last work at your trade?" "Last young moonlight.

Over the moor beyond the white road wound away to Waltham. Slowly along with her in a feminine quarrel, but he re- this road came two dark figures loitering in fused, saying, "Ive lived long enough to the autumn night. Mr. Briton dropped

"Tick, tick," went the clock; it seemed- awfully hungry."

morrow. How long it will seem !" "Nonsense!" answered Miss Hugo's gay that natural history can supply. The travel- full voice. "Don't talk to me like that!

She waved her little hand playfully and went swiftly up the little path. Her old servant met her at the door.

"Mr. Briton is in there, Miss Mildred." cents please send me danberry News as long her curly hair with both hands, and went softly into the little parlor.

"I hope Rollo has entertained you," she said, with a bewitching smile; "this is an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Briton." "I am come to say good-bye, Miss Hugo,"

he answered, gravely. "What a disagreeable word. You really eves

"That depends upon circumstances. I have had an offer from Mrs. Harold. wishes me to travel with her son during the next twelve months.

"And then ?" she said, looking up at "I haven't decided. I have my fellow-

"I don't know why you should pity me.

lawyers live upon? Sue-it pudding. What ing sometime, and I don't know a happier waiting for him to come up. life, if one ought to take that as a test." "I hope you will be a bishop, Mr. do it."

> "Oh. don't! I wouldn't be for the world," said the young man, hastily; "I know; don't make me more miserable than am not at all ambitious." "How we should quarrel!" she answer-

ed, smiling. "I would make you ambitious, whether you liked it or not." "Will you try?" he returned, coming a

step nearer across the rug. "I am tired of teaching," was her ans-"I would be very good," he said, in a

"No. you wouldn't; you know you wouldn't. You are too fond of teaching to "Listen to me, please," he urged. "I won't listen. I know what you are is no engagement between us. I will not

going to say, and it is better left unsaid. be bound in any way." He tried to speak. "I don't want any tea. I am not going home-you make me very uncomfortable."

understand what music means. When you tempting me very much, even if I did care nity.

come back I will listen to you and shall be for anybody else-I have to work hard for able to answer.' my living, and you will be a rich man."

"Now, Mildred-" "No. And you mustn't call me Mildred, sir. Do as I tell you, as an earnest of good in you, Mildred, to think you would marry behavior in future."

"I may never come back-I may die dear." "Requiescas in pace. You can't make me serious, Mr. Briton. You will come

back wedded to some alarming Italian wo-"Very likely," he said, bitterly.

answer for myself." finish his sentence. He bent down to pull as though she tore something from her

"Miss Hugo is not in, sir. It's past her enough?" she said. "I wan't my tea, and but she stepped back, shutting the gate be-

"Well, I will go; I shan't see you again, Mildred. Harold will join me in London practice the organ for to-morrow."

"Good-bye, then ; I shall miss your voice eagerly. in the choir, Mr. Briton-I hope your successor in the school will have a good tenor." Why won't you go?" He held her hand as she spoke.

"Twelve months is a long time," he said. Give me something that will be a link with these happy days."

of these flowers. Take your choice." "No; give me one."

She drew the bowl towards her.

"These geraniums are too bright for your present state of mind, I am afraid. You don't like he'iotropes? What bad taste! Will you have one of these roses ?- a strange, sudden memory of whose arm had they are half dead, though."

"Never mind-I like them best. They have grown in the air and the sunshine." "There, then; and now you really must go." She went to the door with him, bid-

ding him good-bye with a gay smile. 'in twelve months, Mildred.'

Auntie has had hers, I suppose ?" "Yes, Miss Mildred. Has he gone?"

the exasperated wife, "have lived long to him, "False, false," as the as another, if not worse man is just as had garden gate swifing "False, false," as the helter, however, Miss Hugo sat down on hours, and three of the inhabitants went to The young lady raised her straight, dark fens; of a certain fair, proud woman who ing to catch a second which was lowered, brows in calm surprise. She threw her made Mildred's hard life harder still by he lost his hold and fell to the bottom, hapshawl and hat off hastily, smoothing back covert insults. She was thinking of all pily clear of Huber, and without injury. Rollo with the bread and butter.

She lips. "I wonder what will be the end."

The twilight of the next day was gathering as Miss Hugo came out of the gates of hotel, and fear that, overtaken by a violent the great house with a roll of music in her storm which occurred the same day, he may hand, and walked swiftly towards home. have met his death at a precipice or crevasse, A dark, tall figure followed her, gaining rapidly on her footsteps. She stopped,

"Why not?" he asked eagerly. "I am going away with Briton next week, you

"It is very foolish," and she let him walk on at her side, talking to her in happy broken sentences.

"In twelve months I shall be my own master, when I come back from that hateful Continent, and then we'll get married, eh, Mildred ?"

"You wouldn't have the heart to jilt me now, Mildred ?" She stopped, her face flushing, her voice hot and broken.

"I don't know."

"Mr. Harold, understand plainly there "I beg your pardon. Don't be cross,

They had reached the garden gate by this time, and Mildred leaned back on it to

thousand a year, Fred." "Perhaps so-what do you mean?"

"Has it never struck you that you are

"I never thought of it like that," he answered, simply. "I have too much faith me for my money. I know you wouldn't,

"It would be very pleasant-very pleasant to marry you, and for your sisters to go

back to Lancashire." "I would make everything pleasant to

you, if you would marry me, Mildred." There was a moment's silence between "Certainly it is; or I may marry some the two. The night winds whispered in bright, womanly room; books were scatter- red-haired German professor. I won't the boughs above them, the quiet moonlight fell on the churchyard and the silent "Or perhaps-" Mr. Briton did not fields. Suddenly, with a gesture of pain, Rollo's ears, and did not see the dull flush heart and cast it down, Mildred answered-

"I will marry you, Fred." "Don't you think we have talked He would have clasped her in his arms,

tween them. "Go, now. I am tired, and I have to

"When shall I see you again ?" he asked "I don't know. Oh! I am so tired

"I am going. Good-bye, dear." she went up the path, and left him. In the little parlor the fire burnt bright-

ly-Rollo sprang up to meet her, wagging "To keep my memory green? Have one his tail in ecstatic joy. She took him up in her arms, as if the touch of some warm living thing could ease the throbbing of her

> "Bought with a price." The words were echoing in her thoughts as she laid her brow on the cold chimney piece, with rested there the night before.

(Conclusion Next Week.)

### Alpine Perils.

A Swiss paper, the Bund, reports an acci-"I shall come back," were his last words, dent to Alexander Huber, who, in company with three other mountaineers in search of "Dolly, will you bring me in the tea? crystals, fell into a crevasse seventy-four feet deep, on a high peak of the Rhone. A thin crust of snow covering the crevasse "Of course he has, you foolish old wo- gave way under him. One of his companman! Make the tea strong, Dolly. I am ions carried news to the Hospice of the and thinking-not of Mr. Briton altogether | was let down to Huber, a small portion of of somebody else, who had walked home of whose body was visible above the snow, with her in the starlight that evening, after and he caught at it, though he seemed scarshe had given his sisters their music lessons; cely sensible, and moved with difficulty. of the contempt of those sisters for the After some ineffectual attempts to make the music mistress; of the fact that the stately rope fast he sank back in the snow. One mansion was their home only till their of the rescuers, Keholi, volunteered to debrother married, when they must go back scend, and swung himself down, but the to the dismal little house in the Lancashire rope was twelve feet too short, and in trythese things as she drank her tea, and fed He fastened the rope around Huber, who had been lying in eighteen inches of ice-Dolly came in and carried off the tea- water for five hours, and both were drawn tray, Rollo went to sleep, and Mildred got up. In three hours they reached the vilup to go to her aunt's room. The rest of lage, where restoratives were applied to Huthe bunch of roses was lying on the ground. ber, who did not for some time recover con-She picked them up, hot tears aching in her sciousness. The Pall Mall Gazette states

that the Rev. G. Bertie Marriott, aged sixty-"Poor little things!" she said, touching five, on the 27th of July last left the Hotel the withered petals with her dry, feverish Roseg, Pontresina, Upper Engadine, in Switzerland, and has never been seen since. A large reward has been offered for information respecting him but none has yet been obtained. His friends have every reason to think he intended returning to the or fallen into the kiver Inn.

## Why Not Successful.

"Fred, I can't have this; you mustn't The young clerk marries and takes a house, which he proceeds to furnish twice as expensively as he can afford, and then his wife, instead of striving to help him earn a livelihood by doing her own work, must have a servant. Ten years afterwards he will be found struggling on under a double load of debts, wondering why the luck was always against him, while his friends regret his unhappy destitution of financial ability. Had they from the first been frank and honest, he need not have been so unlucky. The world is full of people who can't imagine why they don't prosper like their neighbors, when the real obstacle is not in banks or tariffs, in bad public policy or hard times, but in their own extravagance and needless ostentation.

## Postal Card Writing

Says the Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist, Mr. Louis E. Grouse, a clerk in the establishment of Messrs. Myers & Marens, of this city, has performed a feat in postal card writing that takes the rag off the bush in that department of microscopic literature, and throws in the shade all similar attempts. Mr. Grouse has written with the naked eye, on a single postal card, 5,026 words from the Book of Job. Mr. G. has room to spare for 200 words more and has no "People can be very wicked for three doabt of his ability to put them within the prescribed limit. We consider this a remarkable achievement, and, until somebody surpasses it, Mr. Grouse can claim the cham-

